Common Sense in Religion

A Review of Dr. William James's New Book by Judge D. P. Baldwin . . . . . .

Dr. William James, the ablest metaphysician in the United States, and a Harvard professor, has just published a volume entitled, "Varieties of Religious Experience," which contains more common sense and less cant and mystery than any book upon that subject published for years.

To start with he gives us some good common sense definitions, namely, that religion is man's relation to and communion with God, and then defines God as the "Unseen Reality in whom we live and move and have our being." This Unseen Reality has that personal element in it without which no religion is valid. Science gives us power and force—religion, personality. Professor James's great and constant insistence is that God comes to us through our feelings and not through our intellects. At the close of his original and profound chapter entitled "Philosophy," the author uses these striking words, "In all sad sincerity I think we must conclude that the attempt to demonstrate by purely intellectual processes the truth of the deliverances of our direct religious experiences, is absolutely hopeless."

After summing up the conclusions of dogmatic theology and scholastic philosophy, Dr. James says, and there is no mistaking his language, "So much for the metaphysical attributes of God. From the point of view of practical religion, the metaphysical Master which they offer for our worship, is an absolutely worthless invention of the scholastic mind." "We must, therefore, I think, bid definite good-bye to dogmatic theology. In all sincerity our faith must do without that warrant. Modern idealism has said good-bye to this theology forever." All of which learned words comes to this, that our religion in the last analysis is a matter of personal experience, and he or she whose heart has never been touched (I use popular language) by the Divine, will never find God. This great conclusion is beautifully expressed by Dr. James in these words: "No; the Book of Job went over this whole matter once for all definitively. Ratiocination is a relatively superficial, although the usual, path to the Deity." "I will lay my hand on my mouth. I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." This is also Tennyson's conclusion in the justly celebrated CXXIII stanza of the great "In Memoriam," one of the profoundest studies in the Christian faith ever written.

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice 'Believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in a Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered 'I have felt.'

"No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

"And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
That out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, molding men."

Having thus laid out the road to God through the heart and through personal experience, Dr. James devotes the bulk of his book to the consideration of what he calls in his title, "The Varieties of Religious Experience." It is quite impossible within the limits of a newspaper article to go over all of these experiences. I will therefore confine myself with the utmost brevity to four of his elaborate illustrations, "Conversion," "Christian Science," "Prayer" and "Mysticism."

Dr. James selects extreme cases, like the conversion of St. Paul, Richard Baxter, Jonathan Edwards, Richard Allien and David Brainard. These conversions were all on the Methodist camp-meeting cataclysmic order. Were these conversions genuine? If genuine, were they the outpourings of the Holy Spirit, or cases of the workings of temperamental psychology? It would take too long to go into details, but Dr. James's conclusions are that, while these were genuine illustrations of a change of heart, they were each and all the outcome of peculiar temperaments and of what psycology knows as the workings of that "subconsciousness" which dwells in every human bosom. Dr. James calls attention to the fact that natural conversions, such as we have in the more conservative Catholic, Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, which are the outcome of Christian homes and the Sabbath school and the appointed means of grace, are just as common, just as religious and far more reliable than those above mentioned. Let us not mistake Dr. James. He believes in conversion. He believes that we are surrounded by the divine and that He or it comes into our souls with wondrous cleansing and peace-giving effects, and that the conversions of the Salvation Army and the Methodist Church are not counterfeit, but that God may and does enter each individual according to his mental build, just as in bodily sickness what would be one man's cure would be another's poison. A man filled with animal spirits and red blood is to be dealt with accordingly, and not as a man with a deficiency of nerves, blood and temperament. In popular language, according to Dr. James, there are conversions and conversions, and, while he prefers the still, small voice method, still that does not prove that the other—that of the tempest and whirlwind—are invalid.

The author does not use the term Christian science, but, rather, "mind cure," and indorses it, although disclaiming and deploring its exaggerations. He adopts the principle of "suggestion" and of the well-known effect which the mind has over the body in repelling sickness. His chapter on this subject is suggestively entitled, "The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness." Dr. James believes in optimism, and says that its opposite, pessimism, is a religious disease. At the same time he does not discard medicine. He sees in this great world of ours ample room for both mind healers and the medical profession to labor side by side without jealousy or denunciation of each other. Dr. James places great stress upon the subconsciousness, or, as psychologists call it, "the sublimal," which dwells in every human bosom and which is so close akin to intuition. It is the subconsciousness which, after an agony of thought to demonstrate a fact or recall a name, when we give it up, cease effort and say "hands off," suggests itself. As Emerson once graphically said, "It comes sauntering into our minds." It is this same subconsciousness which gives us our most valuable religious truth. In fact, it seems to be the Deity's chosen medium of communication with mankind.

Dr. James disbelieves in what he calls petitional prayer—that is, prayer for rain or for the setting aside of one of nature's laws for our private good. But prayer in the larger sense of a communion with the Divine, which everywhere surrounds us, our author approves and regards as our very highest privilege. Why should we not refresh our souls at this fountain of the Divine without us? What good is life without such communication with God? Every Christian will thank this great metaphysician for his comforting words on behalf of this our greatest religious privilege. And Dr. James also has a kind word to say on behalf of ritualism and of decorated, costly and dramatic worship. There are temperaments to which pomp and splendor—"cowled priests and chanting choirs"—are indispensable helps to a real communion with the most high God. They are by no means to be condemned as man millinery or religious operettas.

This is by far the best of all the chapters in this most fascinating book. Mysticism is only another name for worship and communion with God. Mysticism and the mystic are blood-curdling words, but when looked squarely in the face mean nothing more than our common and well-known experiences of the divine life in the human soul. Why should we be so afraid of God's spirit in and participating with our life? He does so enter whenever we worship Him either by hymn or prayer or other appointed means of grace. The debt we owe to Dr. James in this beautiful volume for his frank testimony as to the reality and validity of both the religious sentiment and its manifestation and practice in our worship is very great indeed. Never by any other author has its validity and reasonableness been placed upon so common-sense and satisfactory a basis. Of course, there are great variations of mystic and mysticism, from that of plain and simple souls like Enoch Arden, as described by Tennyson, to such fanatics and dreamers as St. Theresa, Ignatius Loyola, Mme. Guyon, George Fox and the Indian Yogis.

Emerson and Walt Whitman were each in their way mystics and each teach a system of mysticism peculiar to themselves. Telepathy, theosophy, hypnotism are all excesses of mysticism just as Dowieism and Mormonism are excrescences upon Christianity, and for which it is responsible. The excess of what we can acquire through our emotions and intuitions over what we can demonstrate by our senses and reason is the world's hope and salvation. The former leads to religion and immortality—the latter to skepticism and materialism. The one is the life of the spirit, the other the life of the flesh. Even these unmistakable words seem mystic. The ultimate fact of all religious mysticism is that God does enter the human soul and that the immediate channel of this entrance may be by contemplation of His works or reading His word, or through the music of hymns or the inspiration of architecture and the other fine arts, or prayer or organized worship. All this is religious experience, or, to use a common phrase, "other worldliness." Mysticism is the secret of the fine arts and especially of music, for "in mystic states we become one with God and we become aware of our oneness." Says Dr. James, "Music gives us ontological messages which nonmusical criticism is unable to contradict and can only laugh at."

Mysticism sometimes comes to us from irreligious men, for example Walt Whitman and Richard Realf. What could possibly be more religious than these words written by the great skeptic, Matthew Arnold, in one of his better moods:

"Calm soul of all things! Make me thine,
To feel amid life's swirl and jar
That there abides that peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

This book abounds in racy sentences and words mostly of Dr. James's own manufacture. He calls the converted "the twice born." He is not afraid to denounce a proposition of which he strongly disapproves as "bosh" or to ridicule an exaggerated statement as "a cock-and-bull story." It is seldom in such a difficult book to read as this that we find such expression as "a knock-down argument" or such a phrase as "philosophy is a dog chasing its own tail." On the other hand, profound sentences and paragraphs adorn almost every one of its pages. Here are some characteristic specimens:

"Happiness is a phantom pursued only by a weak mind." "Every pound of flesh which the world exacts as the price of what it calls success is soaked in blood." "The plural gods of this world are the devil and the Almighty. The only excuse for the Almighty suffering evil to prevail is that in the end He will put down Satan under His feet." "One can live only so long as one is intoxicated with hope. When one grows sober he can't help seeing that life is all a cheat. There is nothing either funny or silly in it. It is pure and simply cruel and stupid." The wonder is how so sound and clear a mind as that of Dr. James could write such trash as this last sentence.

The Christian who in this age of almost universal doubt and skepticism so often is on the point of giving up his faith as a dream or a hope rather than a reality breathes easier for such a book as this. When such a man as Dr. James—easily our greatest American psychologist—so unhesitatingly defends prayer, conversion, worship, even though he does mix in some Christian Science and gives theology the go-by, we weaker brothers and sisters may take heart. This great author makes the consciousness of individual experience the supreme test of these "truths which never can be proved." He says boldly that God comes to us through prayer, hymns and the inspiration of church services. Let us dull people then take fresh courage and fearlessly chant our "Te Deums" assured that He who is "nearer to us than breathing and closer than hands and feet" honors sincere devotion and answers earnest prayer. Publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What date was Easter Sunday in 1847?—F. O. M.

April 4.

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When did Silas Woodson serve as Governor of Missouri?—M. J.

From 1873 to 1875.

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Of what kingdom is stove coal?—W. W.

Of the mineral, though generally admitted to be of vegetable origin.

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On how many cigars bearing the $3 tax per thousand did the government collect revenue during December, 1902?—C. C. T. and Others.

On 547,926,890.

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How wide is the isthmus of Panama at its narrowest? 2. How long was the Nicaragua canal to be?—G. G.

Opposite the bay of San Blas, about thirty-one miles. 2. 183.9 miles.

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At what temperature will iron weld?—H. J.

At 2500 Fahrenheit, and at a considerable range both above and below this temperature.

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Who was the author of the phrase, "Where am I at?"—A. M.

Representative Cobb, of Alabama. He used the expression in a speech in the House of Representatives April 20, 1892.

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What States of the United States have compulsory education? 2. Is education compulsory abroad?—A. K. McD.

All of them have laws to that end, varying in terms and effectiveness, in the latter partly because of inadequate enforcement, in some cases. 2. In some degree attendance at schools is made compulsory throughout the greater part of Europe, Germany leading with such compulsion that in her States illiteracy hardly exists.

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What is the approximate cost per mile per year of cleaning the paved streets of Indianapolis?—L. H. C.

In round figures, $6.75.

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Which queen was sent a pair of poisoned gloves, Cleopatra or Catherine De Medici?—F.

It was Catherine De Medici who sent them, so it is said, to the mother of Henry IV.

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Who was ruler of France after Napoleon I was exiled? 2. Was he dethroned? 3. Who was the father of Napoleon III? 4. On what day did Jan. 3, 1870, fall?—F. E. B.

Louis XVIII. 2. No. 3. Louis, King of Holland, brother of Napoleon I. 4. Monday.

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Is there a law in Indiana that secret orders are exempt from tax on their halls and paraphernalia?—J. H. D.

There is no such law. The only exception is where any of the institutions of such orders can be classed as educational.

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Where was Muscovy?—C. C. K.

This is the name of the old grand principality of Moscow, which grew up around the city of that name and developed into the Russian empire. The name often used to be given to Russia.

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How should a letter to a private of Company B, Seventh Infantry, be addressed?—B. C. B.

To him at the Depot of Recruit Instruction, Presidio, San Francisco, Cal. Include the letter of company and number of regiment in the address.

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Are the winning partners at the head table of a whist party required to change when playing progressive whist?—Itasca.

This should be as the hostess directs, and she may have as the rule for the evening that they shall change or remain together so long as they win.

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Who was Helen Hunt, and will you print a short sketch of her life?—H. E. R.

She was Helen Maria Fiske, daughter of Prof. Nathan W. Fiske, and was born at Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831. She married Major Edward B. Hunt, of the United States engineers, and from 1871 to 1884 published many verses, stories, sketches of travel and juvenile tales. In 1875 she married W. H. Jackson. She died at San Francisco Aug. 12, 1885.

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What is Hood's canal? 2. How shall I proceed to get government assistance and advice in stocking a small lake with fish?—J. H. C.

A long and crooked arm of Puget sound. 2. Write to the United States commissioner of fish and fisheries, Washington, D. C., for a blank on which to describe your lake. When you have returned this properly filled out the commissioner will give you advice and a blank on which you can apply for fish.

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Does an antelope shed its horns annually or not? We are divided in opinion.—J. D. J.

No; his horns are different in structure from a deer's, consisting of a horny sheath about a conical support of bone, and are retained during the creature's life. The prong buck, or prong-horned antelope of this country, however, sheds the sheath of his horns annually, and is not classed as a true antelope. It may be that he is the creature about which you and your friends disagree.

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Do ex-soldiers stand any better show in applying for positions as rural mail carriers than do others?—Ex-Soldier.

Preference is given only to those honorably discharged by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the time of duty. For such all age limitations are done away with, his average percentage in examinations need be but 65, as against 70 for other applicants, his name is certified above all others who have not had preference, and regulations as to the apportionment of appointments do not apply to him.

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Can you inform me of anything that will take grease out of a blackboard?—Augustus.

The following recipe is given, with the caution that the job must be done quickly and with care, else the color of the board will come out. So experiment first on a very small place where damage, if any results, will not be serious. For the cleanser add to a strong lye made of pearlash and soft water as much unslaked lime as it will take up. Stir, let it settle and bottle tightly. Dilute it with water and scour the stain with it.

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What are the names and location of all the engineering schools in the United States?—A. M.

The number of technical schools, large and small, where engineering in its various branches is taught is too long to give in this column. Some of the most important ones are the Boston School of Technology, the Worcester (Mass.) School of Technology, Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, N. J., and the Polytechnic department of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. In Indiana are Purdue University, Lafayette, and the Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute.

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What is the difference between anthracite, bituminous, nut and cannel coal? 2. What kind of coal do blacksmiths use?—D. P.

Anthracite is hard coal, and contains from 3 to 10 per cent. of volatile matter, its carbon going as high as 95 per cent. in some cases. Bituminous is soft coal, with volatile constituents of from 18 to 50 per cent. of the whole. Nut coal is a small size of anthracite. Cannel is a form of bituminous, rich in gas and poor in caloric power, though much favored for household use, chiefly in open grate fires. 2. Semi-bituminous, a sort midway between hard and soft coal, which makes a hollow fire of intense heat.

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Will you print the date and results of twelve destructive earthquakes?—D. J. C.

Oct. 28, 1891, Japan, 5,000 killed, 50,000 dwellings destroyed; Charleston, S. C., Aug. 31, 1886, 41 lives and $5,000,000 in property; Peru and Ecuador, Aug. 13-15, 1868, 25,000 lives, $300,000,000; Colombia, May 16-18, 1875, 14,000 lives; kingdom of Naples, Dec. 16, 1857, 10,000 lives; southern Italy, Aug. 14, 1851, 14,000 lives; San Domingo, May 7, 1842, 4,000 lives; Canton, May 26 and 27, 1830, 6,000 lives; Aleppo, Aug. 10-13 and Sept. 5, 1822, 20,000 lives; Italy, 1819, thousands killed; New Madrid, 1811, comparatively small loss of life owing to sparse population, but effecting the sinking of large areas; Panama and neighborhood, Feb. 7, 1797, 40,000 lives.

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What is the Bertillon system of measurement? 2. How is a cargo jettisoned, and what does it mean?—D. C. McC.

One devised by Alphonse Bertillon while chief of the bureau of identification of the Paris police force. By it are recorded measurements of those parts of the body that change the least, as the dimensions of the head, the length of the spine, arm, ear, nose and so on. To these is added description of the person's appearance, including all such items as scars, moles or tattooing—all, in fact, that goes to make up the usual "rogues' gallery" record. The use of Bertillon's system quickly spread all over Europe, and later took hold in this country. 2. By putting the cargo overboard. This is done to save a ship, a portion of its cargo or human life, and if these are in imminent peril may be done without incurring liability to the owner of what is put overboard.

MANY CONTRASTS FOUND

MERIDIAN STREET THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN THOROUGHFARE.

From End to End of This Street All Kinds of Life Can Be Found—Monument Divides It.

Every big city has a street of many contrasts. Ask the average Indianapolis man which street in this city is the most cosmopolitan and the one affording the greatest variety of different kinds of life, and it is ten to one that he will answer, "Washington street," because Washington street has always been recognized as the "king-pin" of Indianapolis thoroughfares. But a close study of the city, by day and by night, will convince the observer that it is not the principal thoroughfare of Indianapolis that is the most interesting in point of its many contrasting scenes and cosmopolitanism, but Meridian street, that long and for many miles absolutely straight highway that divides the city into two portions.

Meridian street is not only the most cosmopolitan street in Indianapolis, but it probably shows more variety and greater changes than any other thoroughfare in the State of Indiana. It begins, on the north, with the boundary lines of the city and ends with the city limits far away to the south, after an ignominious retreat into a dirty narrow road. Its northern beginning is marked with picturesque suburban cottages and shade trees that are beautiful in the summer months of the year, smooth asphalt pavements mark its surface and cement walks stretch along either side of it. At its southern extremity old-fashioned brick walks are to be found along its borders, and the soil is its only foothold, while a curious little graveyard almost touches its western boundary. Its miles of length harbors all kinds and conditions of people and every business and every degree of business. The rich have their elegant homes on this remarkable street; millionaires have their offices; princes of commerce sit at their desks in great establishments that have been built along this thoroughfare where it enters the heart of the city—and the poor have their modest little frame dwellings, and the small shopkeeper his tiny store, where if the day's sales amount to $4 or $5 life seems well worth the living.

CARRIAGES AND AUTOMOBILES.

Luxurious carriages and the most costly automobiles roll along the northern portion of this street, and when the snow is on the ground the merry jingle of sleigh-bells is to be heard as the finest horses of the city speed over its white surface, drawing the finest of sleighs. Trolley cars hum along its southern portion past two miles of little frame houses and unpretentious grocery stores, meat shops and corner saloons. Christianity is represented along its length by many large Protestant Churches of great architectural beauty, as well as little wooden places of worship. The magnificent local headquaretrs of the Roman Catholic Church is situated amid beautiful surroundings on the northern portion of this thoroughfare, and far away towards the other end the Sacred Heart Convent and Monastery, forming one of the most interesting groups of religious houses in this part of the United States, is to be found just off the main street. Mission Bands from the Salvation Army parade the street at night in the business section of the city, holding their principal out-of-doors services where Meridian street crosses Washington.

The great, the rich, the mighty, the poor, the besotted, the depraved, and all grades between, are among the habitues of this long highway. To the South, just beyond the network of railway tracks at the Union Station, is a small quarter of the city where scenes such as are to be witnessed on New York's Bowery, are common nightly pictures. How my lady of the fashionable Meridian street ballroom would stare if she were to walk into a "grand Saturday night dance" a dance hall, where foaming beer is taken as refreshment between the waltzes instead of sparkling champagne punch, and where the men often accost their partners of the fairer sex with, "Say, Liz, ain't this dance ourn?" Near the dance hall, on this same street of many contrasts, is a wineroom with a piano, where sits a youth who puffs away at a cigarette as if his life depended upon it, while his fingers, stained with nicotine, speed with lightning-like rapidity over the dirty ivory keys in a rapturous symphony in rag-time. A few misguided women sit about the low wooden tables with mugs of beer or glasses of wine before them, answering boistering "joshes" of the men who frequent the place with bits of ready-made repartee such as "Oh, g'long with you," "You talk, but you don't say nothin'," or "Aint that the truth?" Sometimes these women and men waltz about the floor of the room in a slow, awkward "two-step," as they call it, their eyes glued upon the walls opposite them and their faces drawn into anything but an expression of enjoyment.

PIANIST GETS SICK.

That is their way of having a good time. Sometimes the pianist gets sick of his job and longs for better things. He is really a musician by nature, but he doesn't know what ambition means. But once in awhile he bestirs the sleeping poetry within him and in sheer desperation bursts forth into one of Chopin's Nocturns. How does he come to know it? Where on earth did he learn to play it? And the manager of the place winks at the dumfounded visitor, who has dropped in for "a bit of local color in getting up his article," and whispers behind the palm of his hand: "Maybe you think that fellow doesn't know music. He went to a school of music once, by George!"

There are "barrel houses" along one section of this street of many contrasts—sordid places where a "big drink of whisky" may be had for a dime, and where it is often necessary for the policeman on his rounds to push open the lattice doors and make sure that the patrol wagon is not needed to carry away some poor unfortunate who has spent his day's earnings in an overindulgence of stupefying liquors. But these places are not so numerous as they once were, thanks to the vigilance of the city officials, and the few that exist are better conducted, give less to drink for the money and cause less trouble generally. And just as there are great wholesale dry goods, shoe and hat houses, as well as modest little retail stores engaged in similar trades along this same street, so are there great wholesale liquor firms as well as the poor little "barrel houses." Nearly all of the big wine and whisky selling establishments of the city are to be found in the wholesale district of Meridian street.

The one thing that dams the progress of the thoroughfare, as it sweeps from one end of the town to the other, is the great monument standing in all its dignity in memory of the heroes of the State. Idlers, and visitors from other places, congregate about its majestic stone steps, or ascend to its tower high up above the tallest buildings of the neighborhood, where they gaze out over the city and observe the street of many contrasts, as it spans the town from end to end—a connecting link that holds together the lives of many people of many natures and many environments, in a city of laughter and tears and sunshine and shadow.

THE DESPISED CABBAGE.

To the casual eye the plain, old, everyday cabbage is merely a rustic food product, with no distinction about it, but to the student of the rise and fall in worldly reputation the common-place cabbage has a past well worth looking into. It was once held in high esteem by emperors, nobles and physicians, and the old Greeks opened their banquets with cabbage. In medicine it had prime prestige. One Greek physician named it "the divine cabbage," and another wrote an entire book in its praise. Recently doctors have prescribed raw cabbage for dyspepsia and for the nerves. Cabbages were sent to England from Holland as presents in Ben Jonson's time, and at Winborne, Dorsetshire, a cabbage is sculptured at the feet of the statue of Sir Anthony Ashley to honor the tomb of the first man who planted cabbages in England.

To the philologist the cabbage opens a long and pretty story. "Cabbish" is a droll old English name. The French give us "caboche," the Spanish "cabeza," while in the Italian language is found "cappucio"—a little head, hood or cowl, linked again with the capuchin, or hooded friar. Far be it from any one to name him akin to the "choux cabus"—or "cabbage head." Caul, kale and kohl are of the same family. The "kohlsaats" are "cabbage seed," and the kailyard is the kitchen garden in two pretty cabbage languages. "Cabuser," to cheat, contains a well-known aspersion on the tailor who "cabbages" cloth not his own, and "to go plant cabbages," in old French, is to retire to one's country-seat.

For the true virtues of the homely cabbage the oldest farmer must be heard from. He remembers when flatboat loads of cabbages went down the Ohio river to the Southern market. Now Texas, Louisiana and Florida ship fine cabbages to the North. With a sigh, the oldest farmer says he would give his last 10 cents for a good, old-fashioned cabbage. Cabbages nowadays, he thinks, are spoiled. They are grown hard and tough to stand long shipments, he claims, but the old cabbage was tender and toothsome, brittle and sweet. Only on the way-back farms, like up in the Kentucky mountains, where folks grow things to eat, can the old-fashioned cabbage still be found. But the market gardeners' new cabbage, he admits, is wonderful and beautiful. Cabbage can be cooked in so many ways it is never monotonous. Boiled cabbage is cabbage cut into quarters and flavored with bacon. Then there is stewed cabbage, shredded, cold slaw, hot slaw, fried cabbage, pickled cabbage, and that great German dish, sauer krout, or "sour herb." Old-fashioned cooks used to cook cabbage in a cabbage net, and an old English dish of fried cabbage and beef or mutton bears the curious name of "bubble-and-squeak." Old New England cookbooks called slaw "shaved cabbage." S'repty, one of Mr. Riley's heroines, be it remembered, said "Maw, stop cryin' there an' stir th' slaw."

In old-time farm life nothing could take the place of cabbage leaf. It was worn in the hat to ward off sunstroke. Butter was wrapped in it on the way to market. A cabbage leaf covered blackberries in the pail, lard in the crock and buttermilk in the pitcher. Rabbits love cabbage leaves, and a fresh, green bit is a joy to the caged bird. At the pioneer fireside the child's good supper was hot "ash cake," cooked on the ashes of the hearth between two cabbage leaves and served to him with butter and a mug of milk. Children loved to eat cabbage stalk with salt in old days, and many a good cow has choked to death over the same juicy edible. Old agricultural reports paid no attention to "the cabbage fruit," but it is done fullest justice in modern florists' catalogues. Long Island claims the finest cabbage fields in the world, but ten Louisiana cabbages at the Chicago world's fair weighed 173 pounds and won a prize. Nowadays all cabbages have ornamental names. Some of these are the Imperial, Bismarck, Perfection, Red Dutch, Excelsior, World-beater, Early Oxheart, Mammoth, Drumhead, Early Summer, Crescent City, Flat Dutch, All Seasons, Solid South, Green Globe, Pride of the South, Succession and French Market. An Indiana cabbage, grown on old tanyard soil some ten years ago, measured five feet across the outer leaves.

All seamen know the value of cabbage as a preservative from scurvy, and southern Indiana ships yearly many barrels of sauer kraut to New Orleans, there to be sold to vessels bound to many foreign parts. Chickens love cabbage, and the old-fashioned poultry raiser used to hang a big cabbage in his chicken yard, that the young chickens might get exercise in jumping to snap the juicy morsels. Among the "smart set" recently a much-admired dinner table centerpiece was presented in a beautiful blue-green cabbage, its fresh open heart filled with La France roses and clusters of the same exquisite pink rose nestled among its outspread leaves.

An Old Song.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

—Lord Houghton.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

"Soaker's wife has had him arrested for not supporting her."

"What office was she running for?"